

THE ATHENIAN

October 2007

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western reserve university

(Article found in next
Observer issue)



Hundert in Disguise?!



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Proud member of the Case Media Board since Hundert.



The Athenian

"That's not a hair question. I'm sorry."

—Peter Berdovsky

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The Ghost of Christmas Past

Letter From The Editor

A few things about Case Western Reserve University have changed since the end of last semester. Tuition is up, as usual. The logo is different because kids these days can't appreciate a fat surfer when they see one. But the most important shift on our campus is one of administration. That's right: women are taking over, and not just Babs.

Gone are the days of sixty percent of the students being boys. Congratulations, freshmen, for you have ample selection for ladies to impress with your World of Warcraft and Second Life skills. With more girls out there, there is less competition for the available ones. Overall, your chances of hooking up with someone from one of your classes as opposed to a random connection from Facebook or MySpace have increased approximately 50%*.

As the number of female students increases, so does their involvement. Somehow a few uppity women have managed to make their way onto the Athenian staff, which is traditionally a male-dominated publication. Don't worry, there are still more male writers than female. This magazine will continue its proud tradition of stupid jokes and borderline obscenity. The content hasn't changed, merely the names and faces behind said content. Fortunately, this continues to be an anonymous publication, so you won't even notice the difference. Well, unless you attend one of our meetings and we have better food this year.

- The Editor

Athenian Guidelines

1) *The Athenian* is a semi-anonymous publication. This is to preserve a lack of integrity for the staff.

2) *The Athenian* is not something you just dump something on. It's not a big truck. It's a series of tubes. And if you don't understand those tubes can be filled and if they are filled, when you put your submission in, it gets in line and it's going to be delayed by anyone that puts into that tube enormous amounts of drivelt.

3) Any gripes/suggestions/complaints/double entendres can be sent to athenian@case.edu. Any submissions can/will be altered as needed.

*These statistics have not been confirmed, but they haven't been denied either.



Continental Drift Declared Terrorist Threat

The White House - Home of the Whopper - President Bush today announced a new extension of the War on Terror by declaring continental drift to be a threat to national security. "In just a few hundred million years, from what I'm told, we will be connected with Asia, and those A-Rabs will be able to just walk over here. America cannot accept such a threat to our nation's borders!"



Bush also cited the oft-used statement that California is falling into the ocean. "This is clearly a terrorist threat to keep the people of the United States on edge and invest billions of dollars into earthquake-proofing structures for an event that has yet to happen.

"My solution? America does not negotiate with terrorists, so I'd say we should stop appeasing earthquakes in such a way, so anyone building structurally sound buildings will have their assets frozen."

New Bin Laden Tape Mocks Surge

Wheredafukizhee, Bazookistan - In a recently released taped message from his secret hidey-hole, Osama bin Laden ridiculed the surge by the New York Yankees in the American League East which might lead them to a wild-card spot for the playoffs.

"The 'surge' of infidel Yankees will be crushed by the sons of Cleveland," bin Laden said, "and the holy warriors from Boston, whose sox are red with the blood of martyrs, will finish the job. These true revolutionaries will destroy these evil enemies of Steinbrenner!"

Bin Laden further claimed that this surge of Yankee victories could not last and that they would not be given sufficient rest due to divinely inspired pitching.

Former mayor and presidential hopeful Rudy Giuliani was quoted as saying, "Bin Laden's full of shit. Really. We just need people to have faith in the Yankees that this 'surge' will work, just as much as we need faith to believe I'd make a great president."

When asked for comment, Senator Hillary Clinton (D - N'yawk) said she felt conflicted. "On the one hand, of course I support the Yankees. I'm a senator from New York, so I sort of have to, you know? Though I sort of wish they'd blow it." The Senator added that she has years of experience in blowing things.



The (Possibly) First Ever Athenian Obituary! Yay!

Senior Biomedical Engineering student Nick Fetish was found to be dead in Case [Western Reserve University]’s Kelvin Smith Library on September 20, 2007, having died at roughly 3:30am on September 18, 2007. The cause of death has yet to be determined officially; however, the paramedics at the scene speculated that a combination of malnutrition, sleep deprivation, caffeine intoxication, anxiety, and several drug interactions could be responsible.

Fetish’s body was found by Mary Serried, who had noticed that Fetish was laying in the same position he occupied 24 hours before when she last visited Fetish’s usual studying spot in the stacks. “I walked into that row again, because I was looking for a book on, like, the same topic, and he’s just laying over in his chair just like he was yesterday, and I’m thinking that, like, he’s sleeping again.” But when Serried approached Mr. Fetish, she noticed an unpleasant scent and flies hovering over the body. “I didn’t even want to touch him, because of his greasy hair and stuff, but now I’m like wondering if he’s even all right, so I go over and when I touch him, I just start freaking out because he’s all cold.” Serried reported the body to a staff member on duty, who called an ambulance to the scene.

Though paramedics could do nothing for Mr. Fetish by this time, they worked with police to try and reconstruct the events leading up to his death. He was found in a study cubicle with his laptop open, displaying an organic chemistry reference. Three notebooks, two textbooks, and innumerable pieces of paper covered the desk and floor around him. The pen he was using was still tightly gripped in his left hand. His position suggested that he had decided to take a short nap by laying his head down on his Design textbook. In his backpack was an additional textbook, prescribed anti-depressants, further papers and assignments, and several different kinds of painkillers. Of greatest interest to paramedics were an array of patches that Mr. Fetish wore on his chest and arms, similar in appearance to nicotine patches. Upon further examination, these were found to dose the wearer with caffeine.



Obituary Continued

Greg Coprolite, a friend of the late Fetish, explains, "Those were Nick's summer project. He wanted to get a headstart on his senior project, so while he worked for the lab this summer he prototyped those patches. He did pretty well with them, too. He was able to get the absorbed dose up to about 250mg released over about three hours. Just last week he said he was going to try one that delivered even faster. Don't know if he got it to work, though." This rate is equivalent to roughly five bottles of Mountain Dew consumed in three hours, but without any of the sugars that usually supply a drinker's stimulated system. Found in the nearest trashcan, however, were 13 packages for various candy bars and chips. When asked if Fetish had a habit of living in the library, Coprolite laughed for about thirty seconds and excused himself to work on a lab report.

The death of Nick Fetish has left severe scars on several parts of the Case [Western Reserve University] community. His girlfriend, Julia Plantar, fondly mourns his memory. "I'll never forget that little cock of his," she laments. "You wouldn't think that a guy like that'd be that great, but he could take you around the world in those handcuffs." Another friend, Ampleforth Urea, said of Fetish, "So...no more caffeine patches?" Professors and family had nothing but praise for Nick. "He was a wonderful man," said Dr. Liu of the Biochemistry department, while she stared off into the middle distance. Nick's sister, a freshman at Case [Western Reserve University], could not be reached for comment.

And now, to break up the pace of things...a joke!

Batman and Superman met one evening on top of a building and struck up a conversation.

"You'll never guess what happened to me last night," Superman said.

"What's that?" replied Batman.

I was flying around, you know, and I happened to look down on a grassy hill in the middle of a park, and who did I see but Wonder Woman. Only she was totally naked!"

"What the hell?" scoffed Batman.

"Totally naked, and she was shaking all over and moaning, and rubbing her tits. It was pretty hot. And naturally, I got a raging hard-on."

"They don't call you the Man of Steel for nothing, huh?"

Superman continued. "So I'm watching her, moaning and groaning, completely naked, and I'm getting really horny, and finally I can't take it anymore, so I tear off my clothes, fly down to her cock-first, and land right on top of her!"

"Geez, I bet she was pretty surprised," said Batman.

Superman winced. "Yeah, but not as much as the fucking Invisible Man!"

Case Joins Rehab Bandwagon

After observing the success of Case Western Reserve University's original Recovery House, as well as Hollywood's continued affinity with addictions, Rehab House has been established in an undisclosed location. Rumor is that it's somewhere in the Village at 115 due to lack of gullibility to pay so much to live in the semi-new accommodations. Unlike Recovery House, Rehab House focuses on social afflictions.

The current residents of Rehab House are shy to talk about their issues, though they do express gratitude. "I had to leave my room an hour before class started," confessed one resident, whose addiction to Dance Dance Revolution caused her to often hop in the wrong direction for the sake of imaginary bonus points for more complicated steps. "One day I sprained my ankle when I tried a certain trick from 'I Believe in Miracles' on the Binary Walkway. It was a cry for help."

Rehab House does not just cater to DDR addicts. The idea for this sanctuary came from the plight of a Wii player. He became convinced that his Wii was providing him with enough exercise. He stopped going to class. He enjoyed the taste of Leutner food. His case reached crisis level when he was accused of assaulting his roommate. The roommate claimed that it was an accident when the Wii addict's wristband snapped and his controller struck the roommate in the face, but the accused simply shrugged and said, "We were boxing."

Members of Rehab House focus their hand-eye coordination skills into more productive activities like taking down outdated flyers and working on the constant gardening and construction that occurs throughout Case Western Reserve's property.

Experts predict that once the program is better coordinated, it could take over the entire Village. Though current members of Rehab House are seeking treatment for addictions to Dance Dance Revolution, Wii, and any of Mountain Dew's florescent flavors, the next phase of development will welcome addicts of anime and Apples 2 Apples. The third and final stage of Rehab House will seek to treat World of Warcraft users.



Americans, Iraqis Agree War Going Well

Iraqi insurgent group Allah's Liberation Force (loosely translated) today released on its website a statement that celebrated the successful operations of the insurgency as a whole. This came on the heels of statements made today by the United States Department of Defense, saying that operations in Iraq were proceeding nicely. Both ALF and DOD statements pledged to continue their work in the region as long as was necessary to bring the war to an end.

Excerpts from the released statements show striking similarities. ALF, working primarily in southern Iraq with forces of approximately 120 men, gave high praise to insurgents throughout Iraq. "Our country and our people, overrun by infidel invaders, have been bravely defended by the many hundreds of freedom fighters committed to returning us to the rightful path." DOD, using roughly 120,000 soldiers stationed throughout the country, gave this assessment of the state of the war: "This country is committed to fight for the freedom of the Iraqi people, to ensure that democracy takes root even in the face of enemy combatants."

Both organizations echoed the sentiment that the conflict would end in victory. ALF was hard at work on several plans for future attacks, and said it had knowledge of many other groups planning to fight for "the security of the Iraqi people." "Soon, we may all be able to breathe free again," the insurgents claimed. The DOD made similar claims, but was unable to say when the war would be successfully concluded.

Despite falling support numbers in both countries, the government of the United States and Iraq pledged to continue the war for as long as was necessary. This flies in the face of traditional war in that wars usually have a definable goal; however, neither ALF nor DOD seems to have a problem with the open-ended quality of the conflict. "Our war is without end, until all Iraq is on the path to glory," both organizations said. The ALF continues, "Until the Great Satan leaves our soil, we will never stop fighting for the one and only true God, Allah." The DOD continues, "Until terrorism is eradicated from Iraq, we will never stop fighting for a democratic Iraq."

Articles We Were Too Lazy to Write...

"Hope Fades for Amelia Earhart"

"Republicans Introduce Bill to Change Species Name to 'Hetero Sapiens'"

"Nostradamus Predicts World Will End on 13/13/13"

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Inquire about "benefits."

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Beer and Masturbation: Case Recreation!	Communal bathrooms: what that sticky stuff was!
SAGES: practical hatred techniques!	One laptop, one chair: Dorm Decoration!
Mediavision et al: Procrastinator's toolbox!	Fast Nap: campus' best sleeping spots!

Case Western Reserve University!

Tech-School Atmosphere!

Ivy-League Stress!

From Press Secretary to Bad Pun

Tony Snow, former White House Press Secretary under George W. Bush, has announced the real reason why he left his coveted position. Snow has moved on to his true passion—becoming a weatherman.

“I know most people would just think it was a bad pun,” Snow said to The Athenian, speaking candidly about his departure from the war-torn White House. “I was worried that people wouldn’t take me seriously, but I think that I have enough experience on television and radio to compete.”

Snow is more qualified than most of his fellow weatherpersons because he has spent much of the past few years evading questions and defending people without any credibility. Besides working under both Bush presidents, he has been affiliated with Rush Limbaugh’s talk show and even one of his own. Snow is also a regular contributor to Fox News.

“There isn’t enough respect for meteorologists these days,” Snow said, though the challenge seemed only to invigorate him.

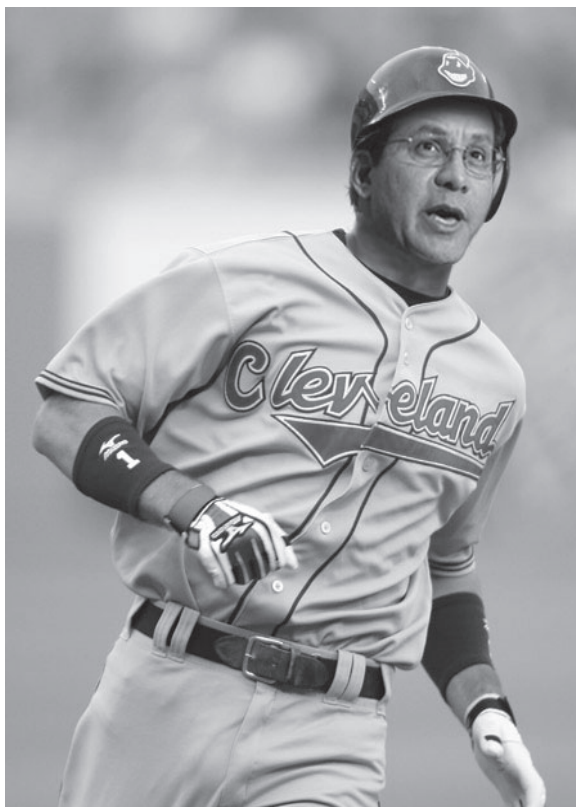
His relationship with journalists is still tenuous at best though. When asked if a string of recent bad weather would continue, Snow’s features grow stiff. “After the dry summer we had, we need this rain. Anyone who knows anything about weather can tell you that the rain needs to stay its course. It’s unpatriotic and unscientific to call the weather ‘bad.’ There’s no such thing as ‘bad’ weather, just inclement. I think you need to take a different attitude toward the weather and leave it to the experts. We’re making progress.”

Snow forecasts that since global warming is nothing more than liberal farce, we will enjoy a winter of fluffy snow with mild temperatures. “Way better weather than Iraq, that’s for damn sure,” he concludes with a smirk that says nothing.

God Abandons Human Race

Mount Sainai - Pi Wire - In a stunning theological move today, God decided to rid himself of all obligations and ties to the human race. In a note left on a stone-chiseled tablet, the Almighty's last words appear to have been "That's it, I'm out of here. You guys are on your own."

"The Lord has been pretty pissed off with how things have been going lately, to be frank," said one kook who refused to be identified. "I mean, when he made the Earth he added a few jerks into the mix, just to keep things interesting, but he never really understood how the jerks ended up in charge of things and why we put up with them."



Upon resignation, former Attorney General Alberto Gonzalez joined the Cleveland Indians

Congress Explains Why They're Such Pussies

The Crapitol - The Democratic leaders of both houses today defended why they have not stood up to President Bush more in recent months, especially since they keep acting like they really, really want to. "Let's face it, we just like to act like kids who like to throw their weight around who stop the second dad gets home so we can still get allowance money," said Senate Majority Leader Harry Weed at a press conference yesterday. "Plus even if we might be guys for the most part, we sure as hell like to act like a bunch of pussies."

Speaker of the House Nancy Pellagra also backed Weed's statements with a few of her own. "Bush is using the unfair tactic of calling things 'Patriot Act' and the like, and it would clearly be un-American of me to question a bill with a name like that," she said. "Further, realizing the hypocrisy of keeping troops in harm's way while claiming to support them is a really easy thing to do if you give it a try!" Pellagra refused to address rumors that she is an invertebrate, a theory proposed to explain why she has no spine.


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ZAGAT'S GUIDE TO: CWRU Bathrooms

Bingham, 7th Floor: 

Patrons enjoyed “taking a dump” in the “hate-speech-free stalls” in this bathroom, which boasts a “friendly, no-eye-contact atmosphere” and “supple, absorbent toilet paper.” The “cheap fluorescent lighting” and “pubic hair on the urinals” bothered some critics.

Hitchcock, 3rd Floor: 

Frequenters of this lavatory complained about the “piss-soaked floor,” the “nonfunctional hand washers,” and the “persistent B.M.’s in the urinals.” One critic noted that “garbage and blue paint littered the shower,” and that “foot fungi spawned armies here.” Generally considered a “bad place to have group sex.”

Sears, 4th Floor: 

Noted for its “cramped stall” that is “hard to masturbate in,” this bathroom was commended for its “reputable-looking soap” and “innovative mood lighting,” but was faulted for “toilet paper that resembles steel wool.” Partisans said the “postmodern stall art” was a “delectable read while pooping.”

Clark, 1st Floor: 

This lavatory earned “top marks” for its “ergonomic toilet seats,” its “well-polished urinals,” and its “sweet ambrosial aroma.” Critics said the “toilet paper is like a silk pillow” and found the “paper towel tray well-stacked.” One enthusiast said that the bathroom “makes me enjoy diarrhea.”

Why I Should Get into Med School, an essay by [name withheld]

*****Disclaimer: This article is intended for entertainment purposes and is not meant for you, the medical school applications committee member, to take out your gigantic, red “DREAMS BROKEN FOREVER” stamp and deliver a crushing blow to my worth as a human being. However, since The Athenian is a semi-anonymous publication and nobody reads it anyway, this point is moot. I sure do like to type though.*****

So the med school application process is like being stuffed into a running clothes dryer full of iron filings while someone you don’t like roots through your belongings and steals everything you love. About 30 essays into the quagmire, the University of [Censored—although I’ll give you a clue: nobody really wants to go there] gives me this prompt:

“The University of [Censored] College of Medicine is committed to excellence in education which prepares graduates to deliver quality health care. Developing cultural competence is an important goal in our curriculum. Cultural competence is defined as an awareness, understanding and ability to use specific methods to deal effectively with cultural issues and its role in health and health care. Please discuss a life experience in which you feel you demonstrated cultural competence. You may use the back of this page or attach an additional sheet of paper.”

Now Even More Why I Should Get into Med School Goodness!

Mismatched pronouns aside, I have a problem with this prompt. It's like some fat old honkey on the [Censored] Board of Directors had just found out that his family owned slaves in the 1800s and this is his ham-fisted attempt to cleanse his pasty, white conscience.

Being the go-getter pre-med that I am, I decided to list a couple reasons I believe I'm culturally competent:

- 1) I know that the N-word in rap songs ends with an 'a' while the N-word in real life ends with an 'r'.
- 2) I know that Catholic priests are more likely to be diagnosed with masses in their rectories.
- 3) I once chastised an Asian for using the word "Cracker." Not only is it offensive, it is OUR word. [Editor's note: the person who wrote this is a cracker.]
- 4) A black guy once told me that I had mad hops for a white boy. [Editor's note: the person who wrote this is a cracker.]
- 5) My cat is a cultural-competence role-model. She's black AND white and, like every other cat, is actually colorblind.
- 6) I've combined my computer science skills with my knowledge of street slang by writing a regular expression for "bros before hoes." It's " $((bro)+)2(ho)^*$ ". The "+" with the "2" means that we have to have two instances of one or more bro. The "*" means "zero or more hoes" meaning "if da ho don't show up, it don't matta'."
- 7) Every week I make sure to go to Temple. By this I mean "watch reruns of 'Legends of the Hidden Temple' on Nick GaS."
- 8) I use my knowledge of Spanish to go to Taco Bell and get a "Big Quesadilla" with "Roasted Meat Beef" inside "Breadmaker Bread." (See TV commercial)
- 9) I own a Biggie Smalls T-shirt. [Editor's note: the person who wrote this is a cracker.]
- 10) I've used the phrase "Multiethnic rainbow of diversity" in an actual conversation. Me = awesome.
- 11) If presented with yes-or-no question asking whether I'm racist, I'd check "No."

Clearly, each of these points can be developed into a meaningful essay. But for an \$80 application fee, I think I'll keep my insights to myself.

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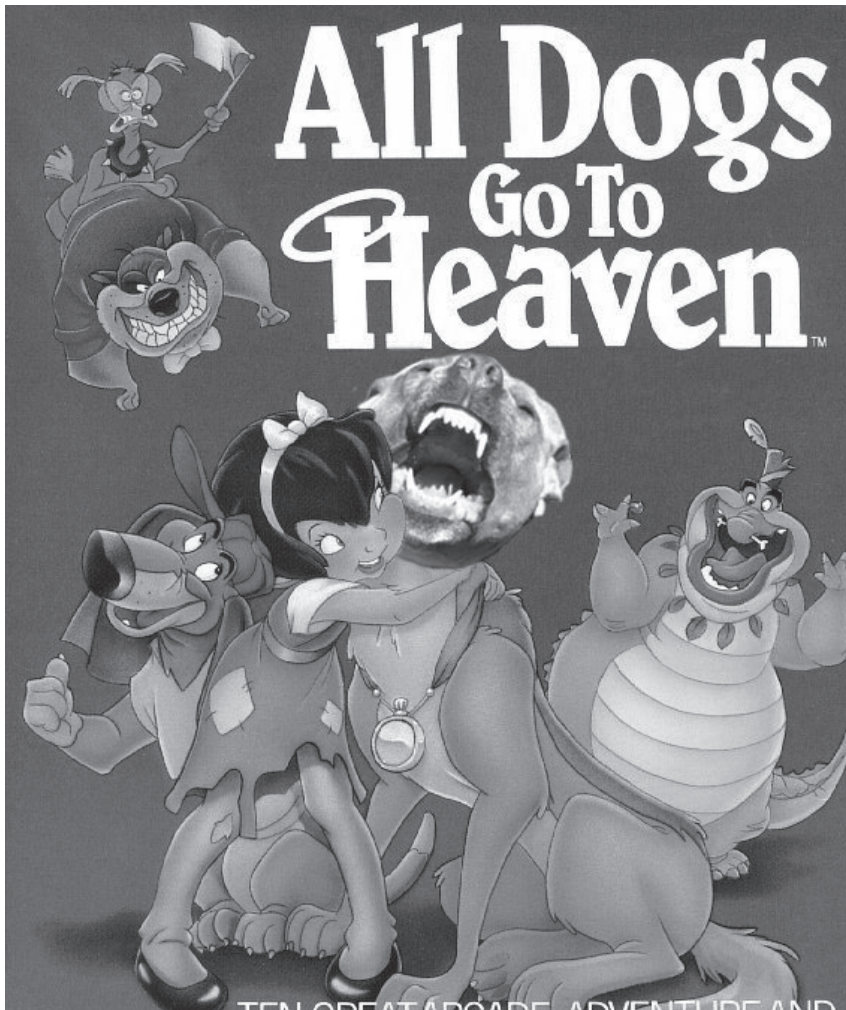
"Holy Shit! you can't
eat that much pizza!"

私達のレイアウトの編集者がありなさい。 athenian@case.edu に
E-メールを送りなさい

All Dogs Go to Heaven?

In Michael Vick's mind, it's a dawg eat dog world. I mean, why else would he want to strangle a dog, unless he thought the pooch would enjoy auto erotic asphyxiation? Did he drown the dogs because he thought they were thirsty? Did he masturbate the dogs because he enjoyed it? I think those were his intentions; that's what any devoted dog-lover would do to promote a lesser species. But the world doesn't understand. We don't understand that Mr. Vick prides himself on his canine commitment. The money doesn't matter, nor the bitches, hos, crack, spinning rims, slim jims, skips, skaps, or scallywags. He lives to see his dogs defend their honor, to fight for freedom, to rip off their opponents' ears. I admire Mr. Vick's devotion. Unfortunately, Michael's love for the animals he treated like kings lead to the death of an unfortunate few, a few too spoiled by the love Vick lavished on them that they carelessly allowed themselves to be killed. Such shameful creatures, that they would frame their owner and jeopardize his career. How will he feed his family? He doesn't have heaps of cash to recklessly spend. And I wonder whether those heartless hounds have a soul, or more specifically, do all dogs go to heaven?

Before I preach my philosophical bullshit, I will provide a background that those who are unknowledgeable of the canine underworld can refer to for questions. The pit bull's origins can be traced to ancient Greece where the dogs were not fierce man-eaters but rather inquisitors of the world. Pythagoras' theory was based on the shape of the dog's head, and Archimedes



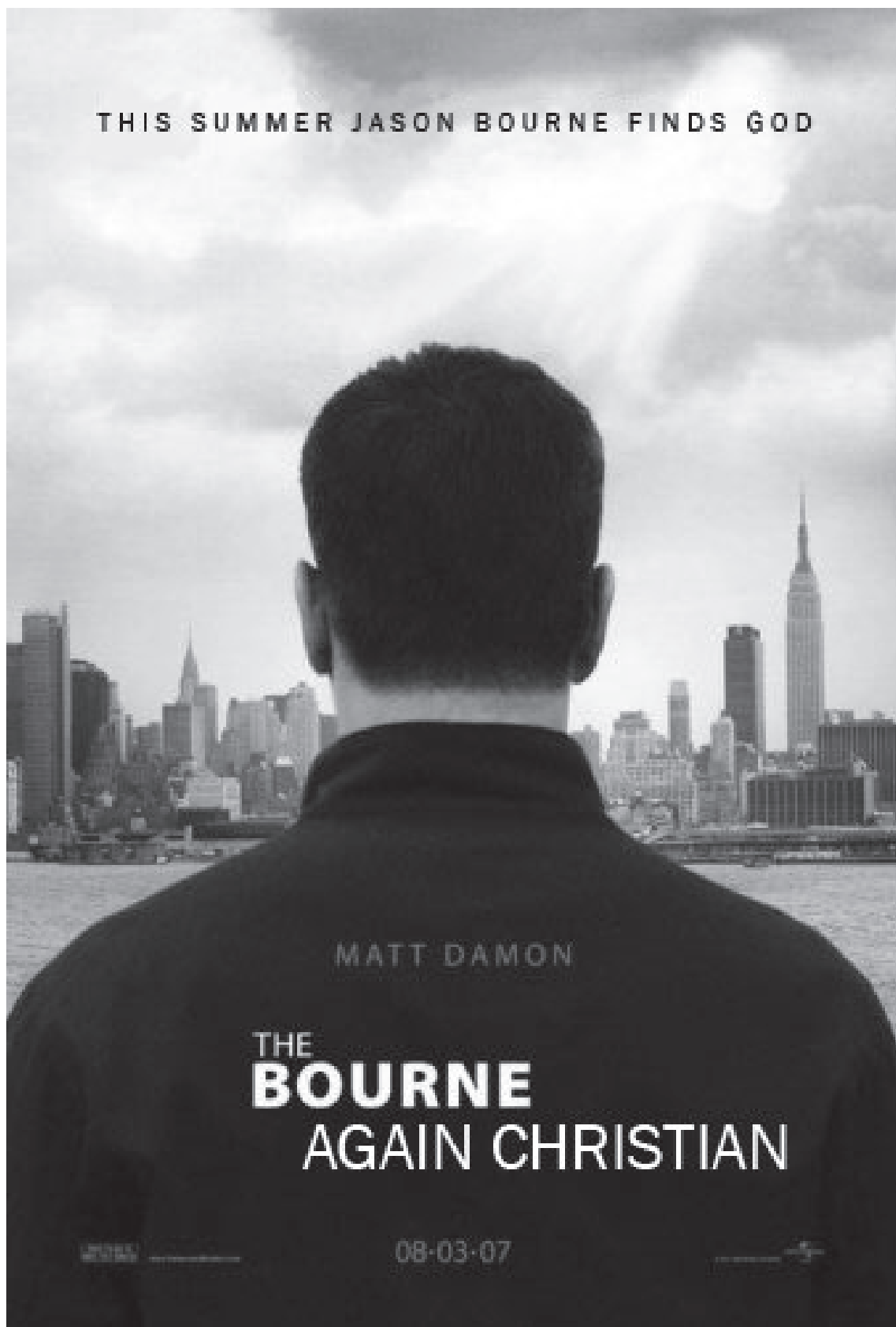
discovered density not through ingenuity but because he had his dog sniff the crown and calculate the percent composition. With the rise of the Romans, and their brutal nature, the origin of today's pit bull began. These dogs eventually made their way to the Normans, who for some reason loved dogs that would rip the shit out anything that could be shit ripped. And so the Normans, who eventually invaded England and established their kick ass, no name taking empire, laid the groundwork for the breed known to many as "the dog that is going to fucking kill me if I don't run. Unfortunately I was born without legs, so now, as I wait for death to quickly take my soul, I will envision the good times...wait I don't have legs, so there weren't good times. Oh well."

Of course, a dog is not a dog without a few hundred years of refined breeding. Without good ol' British legislation, today's pit bull would not be in existence. During the early 19th century, baiting, or tying animals to a post so a dog can eat them alive, was getting out of hand. Laws were passed, why I don't know, and the public began to grumble and yearn for some wholesome entertainment. Well hold on! Why not have the dogs fight each other? Brilliant! And so, the sport of dog fighting blossomed, and with it, a new breed. In order to make the sport exciting, the dogs needed to be able to run really fast, so that they could have a race as to who could eat each other faster. Well, with a little doggy sperm and eggs, specifically those of the bulldog and terrier, the pit bull was created. Now, the dog could rip off your hand after running you down. The pit bull was such a controversial breed that a whole new kennel club was created. Whoa, that is quite an achievement! And there you have it; essentially useless background information regarding the killer dog.

Heaven is a very sacred place. Some blow themselves up and realize that the 22 virgins are really 22 2-year olds, hence the virgin status. Others don't think that shit; it's weird. Regardless of how heaven is viewed, it has been established as the place to be when other, better places are not available. But can a dog, especially a pit bull, ever grace the skies with its presence? Well, the pit bull started out in Greece, home of naked sporting events, old men and young boys, and thought. Although the Greeks were thinkers, they obviously weren't too evolved when it came to religion. I mean, all of those gods and myths, how homo, no? So if, the dogs were of the Greeks, then they had to believe what they did. The Greeks believed in a heaven of sorts, and therefore the dogs probably believed what their owners did. The Romans were the next in line to develop the killer canine. Romans are pretty much the same as Greeks, except with less thinking and more puking, kind of like a state university coed.

Then the Normans came along with their vicious dogs. The Normans were Christian, so the dogs would have been Christian. The dogs had to have believed in heaven, because without heaven nobody would want to do good things. I mean, what would Jesus do? The English, like the Normans, were Christian, but their Christianity was less about world domination and more about, well, English, I guess. So the dogs still believe in heaven. The only problem is that heaven is supposed to reward good behavior, and dogs that eat live things aren't considered good outside of southeast Asia. However, if heaven was moral, it would be less filled, so the dogs are welcome aboard! The only problem in determining the dog's beliefs is America. What to do with America? The dogs could be Christian, or Buddhist, Muslim, Jewish, Hindu, Sikh, Jain, Shinto, Taoist, Atheist, Agnostic, Pagan, BDSM, emo, crack dealers, or the president. That presents a problem, because not all of those religions believe in heaven. Oh, America; always causing problems.

A conclusion must be drawn somewhere. And if anyone is going to do it, it has to be me, because I'm the one who has written all of this pointless bullshit. So here it is: All dogs can and can't go to heaven. Unfortunately, I haven't spoken to a dog, not even during an acid trip. Therefore, I don't know the low down regarding a dog's beliefs. As far as a dog is concerned, there aren't enough bitches to fuck and hydrants on which to piss. I don't think the dogs have a Jewish philosophy, unless they've found a way to circumcise themselves. Frankly, I don't even care about the dogs. I don't even care about Michael Vick. I don't even care about heaven. If you remove the n from heaven, you're left with heave. When I heave something it moves, like my body or someone else's. Then, if you take the h and a away, eve is left. And Eve ate an apple, and if she hadn't I could be walking around outside naked, checking out naked women and indulging in fantasies I only have access to for \$19.95 a month. The breeze would feel good.



NOW PLAYING IN SELECT SYNOGOGUES

HOUSING REPORTS GREAT SUCCESS FOR SUMMER 2007

Case [Western Reserve University]'s department of Housing, Residence Life, and Greek Life (HRLGL) said today that it has made great strides toward accomplishing its stated goal of "No student left un-fucked-over." HRLGL has successfully implemented a number of changes over the summer of 2007 that will "annoy and aggravate students in many new and exciting ways," said Emily False, the Assistant Director for Student Relations (ADSR).

"We've modified the roommate assignment system to further ensure the pairing of social and anti-social students; last year's RA selection process was quite rigorous in finding the most arbitrary people we could find in our applicant pool; and there were extensive changes made to the HRLGL website to finally strip it of any useful or accurate information," False said. "One of our goals for this semester is to hopefully make sure that Maintenance never receives a single maintenance request from our website." HRLGL has been working closely with BA, IFC, ITS, UCS, US, USG, SEC, PHC, RHA, NRHH, and the UCPD to systematically make students lives more difficult, both inside and outside the dormitories.

Human relations is not the only area where HRLGL has changed its policies to irritate the students they serve, and some changes even benefit HRLGL directly. "We noticed last year that the number of temporary cards we issued to residents of the Village spiked early in the year, which we expected," said False. The temporary card was a common solution when a door was closed, and therefore automatically locked, while a student's ID was still in the room. However, students soon discovered that card-secured doors in the Village could be opened in emergencies with an assembly of bent coat-hangers threaded under the door. After emerging dripping from the shower and discovering that he or she was locked out,

the student would use the coat-hanger-apparatus instead of walking to Wade in the nude to pay 10 dollars for a card that replaced one only two meters inside the door. This summer, however, all of the interior door handles in the Village were rotated to point down, fixing the design flaw that made the coat-hanger-device effective. "Five percent of the department's annual income is expected to come from the sale of temporary ID's, and after last year's disappointing numbers, we decided that something must be done," False said.

Other changes made by HRLGL include thinner toilet paper, more efficient fluorescent lighting, colder warm water, warmer cold water, less reliable card-readers, and a greater contempt for students generally. "As we see it, it's a way of ensuring that students are contented but diligent in the environment that we create for them. If students felt too much liberty and safety on our campus, all they would do is leave it, searching for happiness instead of knowledge. We feel that it's best if students feel most comfortable in their rooms with the blinds down and the lights off. This kind of environment is very good for studying, exploring the information networks that Case [Western Reserve University] provides, and it's very eco-friendly. We have one of the greenest campuses in the United States, and we like being a part of that," False said. HRLGL still has plans for the coming months. "Something we want to do this semester is cut down on heating costs, but there won't be any big changes until about six weeks from now." When asked if she believed that the conditions HRLGL created for their students had any effect on the university's suicide rate, Ms. False declined to comment.



A Brief Description Of That Damn Street Crossing

The intersection of Adelbert and Euclid offers perils never before seen in any other T-shaped intersection at Case at Adelbert and Euclid. The battle between brick and asphalt on the Adelbert side of the crosswalk all too easily trips up a foot or brings a skateboard to a grinding halt, sending hipster head over heels. Snow netting has forced students to walk in a militaristic single-file two way march along Euclid, staring at the flea-infested dreadlocks or dog-shaped backpack of the person in front of them. Bikers catch their handlebars in the netting, sending their wheels awry and their heads into a skull-crushing concrete death. Drivers stare glumly at the masses of students impeding their right-hand turn onto Euclid, and a select few act on their emotions by mowing down pasty nerds and Jane Tall and Plains alike, swerving out of their way to avoid the beautiful (and asking for numbers) as they crunch the bones of the hapless under their tires. Pedestrians haphazardly sprint across Adelbert, irrespective of "Don't Walk" signs and red lights, middle fingers waving at the little old Chinese lady in the rusty Civic crying because the kimchi soup is burning on the stove at home and she just loves her Korean food. Virgins catch HIV from the "Press Button To Cross" button, generally pressed only (and repeatedly) by homeless bums with herpes and OCD. Well-meaning student groups fling boiling hot coffee and fatty doughnuts on the passing pedestrians running the gauntlet to Thwing. Flower peddlers sell roses which explode in puffs of anthrax. Free Hugs are given by bone-crushing robot cyborgs who don't ask first and don't take "Aaargh" for an answer. Rabid rats bite the ankles of the unprotected (those with body condoms smirk) as jars of tuberculosis roll down Adelbert from Rainbow Babies' top floor, where the Infectious Disease Please department resides. Your mother screams and your father dies and your little baby cousin drinks a goblet of goat blood and shrieks at the rising sun.

What is to be done? Clearly, the answer is clear as a thing which is very clear: Drop out of school and move to Mexico, where you can smoke big fatties of marijuana and drink rotgut cactus tequila as you take potshots with your shotgun at American immigrants desperately trying to cross the border into Mexico so they can build houses. An education for the rest of your life is clearly not worth crossing that fucking street. And don't take off your body condom.



This image shows a single sheet of white paper with horizontal ruling lines. The lines are evenly spaced and run across the width of the page. There are no margins, text, or other markings on the paper.



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